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THE PRISON BABY,
IN THE EVENING WORLD.
PRICE ONE CENT.

The



Color.

CIRCULATION FOR FIRST
FIVE MONTHS OF 1889:
50,272,985
COPIES.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK. 2 O'CLOCK.

BLOWING UP THE WRECK.

Dynamite to Play Its Part in the Conemaugh Valley Catastrophe.

The First Organized Work at Clearing Away the Debris.

AND STILL THE HORROR GROWS.

Minds of Bereaved Ones Turned by the Pressure of Grief.

A Crazy Woman, Who Danced, Sang and Smiled in the Valley.

THE HERO WHO RODE TO WARN THE PEOPLE.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 4.—To-day the first intelligently organized work of searching for the bodies and cleaning away the debris began, and Arthur Kirk, an expert from Pittsburgh, with 200 men, will soon begin blowing up the jam of debris at the east end of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge with dynamite. This debris covers an area of 1,250 by 400 feet, and under the wreckage are supposed to be the bodies of 2,000 people.

There is no possible way of recovering any of these corpses, nor freeing the river of its ghastly burden, and hundreds of men spent the morning vainly searching the still smoldering ruins for some trace of missing relatives or friends.

Fire-engines from Pittsburgh were industriously playing streams of water from the Conemaugh on the dying embers.

On the other side of the river, in what was the business portion of Johnstown, 250 men were engaged in carrying the wreckage from the streets to the river bank, where it was placed in piles and burned.

This method of clearing the streets is adopted in order that no bodies may be destroyed by fire.

Otherwise the wreckage in many sections of the city could be burned as it stands, for there is little hope of recovering any property.

AN EVENING WORLD representative made a tour of the devastated little city this morning.

The first through train over the Baltimore and Ohio brought in the second detachment of THE WORLD'S corps of reporters and artists.

On this train were two members of the Philadelphia Relief Committee, Messrs. Neil and Tumblestone, and Mrs. J. H. Gaysby and Miss E. Fend, sisters, who had been on a visit to New York and had returned home expecting to find all their relatives lost.

Mrs. Gaysby was met at the station by her husband, Col. Gaysby.

The father of the ladies, Mr. Fend, and Mrs. Gaysby's little daughter had also been saved.

The ladies stayed at the Continental Hotel while in New York.

Beginning at the B. and O. temporary station, down to the point of the river, houses and buildings of all descriptions are piled up in heaps twenty feet high.

How many bodies are buried there no one knows.

The town officials are overwhelmed with questions by those seeking information.

Alexander Hart, the Chief of Police, and Irwin Harrell, the Burgess, are struggling to satisfy the crowd as best they can, but of course their force is wholly inadequate to the demand.

Burgess Horrell told THE EVENING WORLD reporter that provisions and money would be gratefully received, but asks that all relief committees be made as few in number as possible, for it was impossible to house or feed them.

Adj. Gen. Hastings said this morning that at least 2,300 bodies had been recovered thus far.

Many of the large number of bodies to-day are being recovered in the borough of Cambria, which lies a quarter of a mile below the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge.

About 10 o'clock a number of corpses were taken out of the jam at the bridge.

They were all disfigured so badly as to be unrecognizable except by bits of clothing.

Pittsburg gets her water supply from the Conemaugh, and she fears the decomposed bodies will breed a pestilence.

This afternoon she will send 2,000 men to work on the ruins.

CRAZY IN THE HORROR.

A Woman Who Danced, Sang and Laughed in the Dreadful Valley.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
JOHNSTOWN, Pa., June 4.—A woman was seen to smile this morning as she came down the steps of Prospect Hill.

She ran down lightly, turning up towards the stone bridge.

She passed the little railroad station where the undertakers are at work embalming the dead, and walked slowly until she got opposite the station.

Then she stopped and danced a few steps. There was but a small crowd there.

The woman raised her hands above her head and sang.

She became quiet and then suddenly burst into a frenzied fit of weeping and beat her forehead with her hands.

She tore her dress, which was already in rags.

"I shall go crazy," she screamed, "if they do not find my body."

The poor woman could not go crazy as her mind had been already shattered.

"He was a good man," she went on, "while the onlookers listened pityingly. 'I loved him and he loved me.'"

"Where is he?" she screamed. "I must find him."

And she started at the top of her speed down the track towards the river.

Some men caught her.

She struggled desperately for a few moments and then fainted.

Her name is Eliza Adams, and she is a bride of but two months.

Her husband was a foreman at the Cambria Iron Works and was drowned.

Hers is not the only case of dementia.

The awful scenes of Friday, Saturday and Sunday were too much for many of the survivors.

The sight of the bruised and inflated bodies lying in the streets of the town and along the river banks made the brains of the strongest men spin around and their hearts sink.

Its effect on weak women can be imagined.

The body of a beautiful young girl of twenty was found this morning wedged in a mass of ruins just below the Cambria Iron Works.

She was taken out and laid on the damp grass.

She was tall, slender, of well-rounded form, clad in a long red wrapper, with lace at her throat and wrists. Her feet were encased in pretty embroidered slippers.

Her face was a study for an artist.

Features clear cut as though chiseled from Parian marble; and strongly enough, they bore not the slightest disfigurement, and had not the swollen and puffed appearance that was present in nearly all the other drowned victims.

A smile rested on her lips.

Her hair, which had evidently been golden, was matted with mud and fell in heavy masses to her waist.

"Does any one know her?" was asked of the silent group that had gathered around.

No one did, and she was carried to the im-

provised morgue in the school-house and will probably fill a grave as one of the "unidentified dead."

The effect of the circumstances here on different people is a curious feature.

Some are reckless, some are silent, some weep, while it seems to make the foreigners and negroes want to fight.

Late last night the Hungarians, who live in the upper part of the town, in what is called Conemaugh Borough, became boisterous.

Their houses are near where the gorge widens out into the valley, some distance from the centre of the city, where the seventy-five policemen who were sent down from Pittsburgh are quartered.

The exhausted and sleepy bluecoats were exasperated at being ordered out, and made quick work of the brawlers with their clubs.

Some negroes who had shown signs of rioting were warned that they would get a similar dose, and they, too, subsided.

These outbreaks have been two or three of them—are not due to intoxication, but are the natural result of the extraordinary order of things now prevailing here.

HEROES OF THE FLOOD.

An Unknown Paul Revere's Wild Ride Through that Valley of Death.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 4.—Buried beneath the wreckage in the Conemaugh Valley lies an unknown hero, who sacrificed his life in a noble but hopeless cause.

When the pent-up waters had begun to break their way through the dam and before they had rushed forward on their pathway of destruction, a great bay horse came galloping through the road that leads towards Johnstown. Above the clatter of his iron-bound hoofs arose the voice of his rider shouting a warning:

"The dam is giving way. Run for the hills, the valley will be flooded."

Men and women came to their doors as he passed and looked after him wonderingly. They had often heard alarming rumors about the waters of the Conemaugh Lake some day pouring down upon them, but they had not, so they smiled and wondered and thought the wild rider some insane man perhaps.

But on tore the great bay, and like Paul Revere of old the rider shouted out his warning as he sped along.

Nearer and nearer he came to the doomed city, and almost despairing grew his cry. His foam-flecked horse labored as he tore along, but on and on he went.

Behind him came a sullen roar. The torrent had broken loose and was pursuing him.

Over the ground that he had passed in his noble mission it rushed, hurling together trees and houses and human beings in one terrible medley.

Forty feet high it came surging along. The unfortunates, who had not heeded the warning, were caught in its relentless maw.

With lightning speed it poured forward in pursuit of the bay horse and the daring rider who had tried to rob the torrent of its prey.

The horse sped fast, but the waters flew faster still.

But it was an unfair race.

Close was the torrent behind him at the Pennsylvania Railroad, and as horse and rider got upon it the great wave overwhelmed them and they were lost in the whirling flood.

Another brave man who risked his life to warn the unfortunates in the doomed valley was John G. Park, a civil engineer from Philadelphia. Early on Friday morning he saw that the dam might burst, but thought that an outlet might save it. With a force of thirty Italian laborers, he set to work to prepare another sluice.

After this had been done the water still continued to rise. Fast it rose, too—nearly a foot an hour. Another outlet was cut, but it did no good.

Then the young engineer mounted a horse and started to warn the people in the village of South Fork, which was just below. At breakneck speed he went, shouting out his warning.

Hundreds of people took to the adjacent hills and thus saved their lives.

Reaching South Fork Station he telegraphed to Johnstown, and two men were

started through that city warning the people to flee.

Some heeded but others did not believe there was danger and remained to perish.

Mr. Park says that at noon of that awful day everybody in the Conemaugh Valley knew, or should have known of the danger. But they had heard the cry of wolf so often they did not heed it.

GOUGH'S UNSTINTED AID.

ANOTHER INPOURING OF BILLS AND CHECKS AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

Yesterday's Relief Fund Donations Brought to Be Donated in Amount To-Day—Societies and Business Firms Lending Aid—England Stirred to Sympathy and a Good Subscription.

New York's compassion for the great sufferers in the Conemaugh Valley continued to pour out in the form of money contributions this morning.

The early receipts at the Mayor's office indicated that the large amount raised yesterday would be more than doubled to-day.

Private Secretary Crain was kept busy for two hours opening the morning mail and piling up the checks and bank notes which the letters contained.

Among to-day's contributions was a check from Prince & Whiteley, of 64 Broadway, for \$5,000, the gift of the London Stock Exchange, directed by cable from England.

To facilitate the work of the Committee in hurriedly forwarding the money received, Cashier Buckhout, of the Fourth National Bank, established a sort of branch bank in the Mayor's office, with Secretaries Spear, Winslow and Scott, of the Relief Committee, to assist him.

One of the touching incidents in connection with the collection of the contributions at the Mayor's office was the appearance of a poorly clad laboring man with his mite. It was a \$2 bill which had been given him out of charity last evening, and he said he couldn't bring himself to using it for his own wants, which are many and pressing, but felt impelled to give it to the poor sufferers at Johnstown.

Archbishop Corrigan, who could not attend the meeting yesterday because of his absence from the city, sent a note of regret to Mayor Grant and inclosed his check for \$250.

Mayor Grant's telegram to the Relief Committee at Pittsburgh authorizing a draft on him for \$25,000 was productive of the following despatch of acknowledgment:

PITTSBURG, June 3.—Your despatch received. We are overwhelmed with your magnificent donation. It is a noble and magnificent city which you preside.

WM. MCCORMACK, Chairman.

Serjt. Bird, of Police Headquarters, brought to the Mayor's office \$175 which was collected this morning from the detectives of the Bureau.

That the reports of suffering in the stricken valley are needed, and will be properly applied by an honest local committee, is shown by the following telegraphic communication received by the Mayor this morning:

JOHNSTOWN, June 3.—We arrived here on special train a short time ago, and from a survey of the place are satisfied that the extent of the disaster has not been exaggerated and cannot be.

Thousands of living are pressed for food and clothing, while the dead are still unburied and lying beneath the ruins.

Food and clothing is pouring in from near-by places. What is wanted most from New York and distant places is money, which is to be expended in paying the living for clearing up the debris. It is a war for the dead.

The committee in charge is capable and careful, and there is no danger that money will be wasted.

The total amount of cash donations received by the Mayor yesterday was \$21,600.05. The total contributed, including this sum, was \$75,000.

Strassky & Co., dry-goods merchants, of East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, have decided to set aside the profits of to-morrow's business at their store for the benefit of the Johnstown sufferers, and promise to send the amount realized to Mayor Grant to swell the New York relief fund.

The fund in the hands of George V. Smith, of the Cambria Iron Company's New York office, for the relief of the flood victims has reached an aggregate of \$1,300.

Palestine Commandery, No. 18, Knights Templar, of New York City, made an appropriation at its convocation last evening of \$250 for the Pennsylvania flood sufferers. The amount was sent through the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania for general distribution.

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DEATH THERE, TOO.

Williamsport Has Its Terrible Story of Suffering by Flood.

Its Disaster Only Overshadowed by the Horror of Conemaugh.

The City Cut Off from the World for Over Three Days.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., June 4.—This city has been shut off from all communication with the outside world since last Friday, and it is only with extreme difficulty to-day that news is gotten out of what is being suffered here.

The town has been the scene of a disaster which, without the calamity at Johnstown to overshadow it, would have excited sympathy everywhere and consternation all through the vicinity.

Forty-eight bodies of persons drowned in Williamsport and vicinity have been recovered, and many more are missing.

The loss of life may mount into the hundreds.

These people lost their lives in houses or in the panic of trying to get away.

On Friday night the river was ten or twelve feet deep, on Saturday morning it was thirty-seven.

The panic was dreadful. The greater part of the town was submerged to a distance of six feet.

In other places it was much deeper. The lumber loss at Williamsport and Lock Haven will amount to three and a half or four millions of dollars—some say more.

The havoc everywhere is dreadful. Most of the farmers, for miles and miles, have lost their stock and crops and some of their homes have been swept away.

In one place were seen thirty dead cattle. They had caught the top of a hill, but were drowned and carried into a creek that had been part of the river.

A man named Gibson some miles below Williamsport lost every animal but a gray horse that got in the loft and stayed there with water up to his body.

A woman named Clark is alive with six cows that she got upstairs.

Along the edge of the washed-out track families, with stoves and a few things saved, are under board shanties.

Up to last night people in Williamsport knew little or nothing about Johnstown or what had been happening elsewhere.

The loss is awful. There have not been many buildings in the town carried off, but there are few that are not damaged. There is mourning everywhere for the dead. Men look serious and worn and every one is going about splashed with mud.

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A LONDON MYSTERY.

Part of a Woman's Body Floating in the Thames.

Is It Some Further Work of the White-chapel Fiend?

The Police Regard It Rather as Part of a Dissection Subject.

(BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)
LONDON, June 4.—All London is horrified this morning by intelligence of another outrage similar to those attributed to the mysterious "Jack the Ripper."

The body of a woman, with the abdomen horribly mutilated, as in the case of the victims of the Whitechapel fiend, has been found floating in the Thames at Horseley Down.

The mere fact of the discovery is all that has as yet reached here, but it has caused terrible excitement, and further news is anxiously awaited.

LATER—POSSIBLY A SUBJECT OF DISSECTION.

LONDON, June 4.—The police officials declare that later discoveries with regard to the section of a woman's body found at Horseley Down do not point to murder.

They rather indicate, say the police, that the fragment was from a subject of medical dissection.

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EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

DEATH IN A CELL.

A Woman Prisoner Found with Her Skull Crushed.

Did She Kill Herself by Striking It Against the Bars?

Arrested for Intoxication Yesterday She Gave a False Residence.

When Doorman Bourne of the West Forty-seventh street station-house, started on his hourly tour of the cells at 5.30 o'clock this morning he heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the sleeping prisoners until he had nearly finished his round, and then his attention was attracted by low moans of agony which emanated from the last cell on the row.

He listened to it and found the inmate, a young woman, lying face downwards near the grated door.

Her face was covered with blood and her head was crushed in on the forehead.

Dr. Thomas R. Killiva, of 342 West Forty-seventh street, was summoned, but before he arrived at the station-house the woman was dead.

She committed suicide, the police say, by battering her head on the edge of the iron stool in her cell.

The woman was arrested in an intoxicated condition on Ninth avenue yesterday afternoon, and at the station-house gave her name as Nellie Thornton, aged thirty-three, although she did not look as old as that.

She said she lived at 335 West Forty-seventh street, but that was fictitious, as that address is a public school-house.

When taken to her cell she fell asleep, and nothing more was heard from her until 4.30 o'clock A. M., when she asked Doorman Bourne, who was passing her cell, what time she would be taken to Court.

He told her about 9 o'clock. She sighed and sat down on a bench again. She appeared to be going to sleep again there. Her body has been removed to the Morgue.

When Doorman Bourne of the West Forty-seventh street station-house, started on his hourly tour of the cells at 5.30 o'clock this morning he heard nothing but the heavy breathing of the sleeping prisoners until he had nearly finished his round, and then his attention was attracted by low moans of agony which emanated from the last cell on the row.

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